

DIG IN!

When you want to get ahead, Dig in!
When you're up to work you dread, Dig in!
When Dame Care comes down your way, Dig in!
Days are sad instead of gay, Dig in!
When there's nothing seems to prey, Dig in!
When the other fellows lead, Dig in!
When you're short on things you need, Dig in!
When the rent is overdue, Dig in!
And the landlord says he'll sue— Dig in!
When the world is looking blue, Dig in!
Never mind the other man, Dig in!
You can win, you know you can, Dig in!
Better luck will come your way, Dig in!
Just make up your mind to stay; Dig in!
Every dog will have his day; Dig in!

—Frank Farrington in New York Sun.

DORIS GOES A WHEELIN'

By JESSIE WADE MANNING

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Early one morning, when the crocuses, tulips and daffodils were vying with one another in their sandy raiment, a delivery wagon stopped before the garden gate, at the Gorham home-stand.

A bright, new bicycle was lifted out and taken to the side entrance. Doris Gorham stood in the door mixing some feed for the chickens. When she saw what was coming, her heart thumped like a trip-hammer.

Her older sister, Lorinda, who was sitting on the steps paring apples, started as though she had received a blow, when the wheel was placed beside her on the stoop.

"So, Doris," she began, sarcastically, without looking up from her work, "you've thrown your money away on this device of the devil. If you'd only taken it when other people did, there'd be some excuse for it, but from a child you've always showed such perverse ideas."

"But then, Lorinda, bicycles were so expensive," began Doris. Her sister paid no attention to the interruption, but exclaimed as she flounced into the house:

"Powers of mercy! A woman of your age, with hair as speckled as the black and white spotted hen, riding such an instrument of torture and a real menace to morality, and—the slamming of the screen door dashed the sentence."

A few years before the opening of this story, Waverly had grown so rapidly, after the building of the great steel plant, that the three maiden sisters, living in the comfortable farmhouse on the ridge road awoke one morning to find their property was within the city limits.

"This is a pretty kettle of fish," said Lorinda, the eldest, reading the notification. "How are we to pay the parking tax and improvement?" she asked sharply with her little, snapping, black eyes on the serious faces of her younger sisters.

"Cut the meadow up into city lots," spoke up Eunice, the second and practical sister.

This suggestion seemed to meet with the older woman's approval. Doris remained silent, but was as conscious of what Lorinda would say next as though she herself was to voice the thought.

"Well, we'll take our usual vote on it. All in favor of selling the meadow off in lots say 'yes,'" Eunice and Lorinda fairly shouted the necessary word.

"Majority rules," quickly said the

ly unknown to her older sisters, who had kept up their daily routine, year after year, unconsciously heartless, unconsciously soulless.

They had never once asked why Doris had given up Seth Watson. If they believed that he had married Lydia Parchent out of spite, they made no sign before Doris. That his life had been uncongenial and turbulent without the blessing of little ones, Lorinda and Eunice appeared quite insensible.

Poor, loving Doris, in her inharmonious atmosphere, when fearful of



"Some one's cheated us out of years and years of happiness."

breaking the tenth commandment, had prayed hard for fortune and grace, but a phantom Seth had been her constant companion, whether she would or not—although, when, as neighbors, they met occasionally, they barely passed the time of day, and since his wife's death, the old lovers had seen nothing of each other.

In the evening of the eventful day in the Gorham house, Doris in a dress reduced in rank to a bicycle skirt, passed stealthily down the gravel walk and noiselessly up to a quiet, little street recently macadamized, where she determined to learn to ride the unmanageable thing she was leading. Her method was, indeed, original. With her left foot on the pedal and her right one on the curbstone, she propelled herself, reversing the position occasionally, or, as she put it, "limbering up one leg at a time."

The quaint little woman soon gained confidence and was able to wheel down the steep hill at the end of the street without any mishaps.

Just before starting for home, as she held the handle-bar like a vise and rode slowly down the incline, she was suddenly shoved in such a manner that the wheel seemed to take the bit and have its way.

"Where're you going?" yelled a hoarse voice, as someone wheeled by her.

"Where you've sent me, I reckon," answered Doris not daring to look up and following her leader at a terrific speed.

Reaching the foot of the hill, she overtook and ran down the wheelman. As the rider extricated himself, and assisted the little, old maid to her feet, he exclaimed, overcome with astonishment:

"Doris Gorham, I'll be blamed if it ain't."

The lady, finding she was still intact—standing in the gaslight on the pavement, and not riding in a winged chariot—looked up into the eyes of her old lover, Seth Watson.

For a second Doris was more annoyed than surprised at finding her idol of a quarter of a century riding a wheel at his time of life. Then she blushed, as she remembered that there was only two years' difference in their ages. Conscious of each other's embarrassment, they sat down on a nearby pile of lumber, while Seth apparently looked over the damaged wheels.

"Well, Doris, it's high onto five and twenty years since you and I decided to pedal alone," came timidly from the bowed, gray head.

"Yes, and our meetings at the cross-roads haven't been any too pleasant,"

he, as he tried to pull her short skirt down over her old shoes.

"But, Doris, it wasn't no fault of mine," returned Seth, trying to look into his companion's eyes.

"Nor mine," answered the spinster, a little more gently, meeting his gaze. "If you'd only answered my note, that day instead of sending Lorinda with your message, it might have been different," Seth said in a husky voice.

"I never got your note, and I never sent Lorinda to you," returned Doris indignantly. Then, like a flash, she remembered the quarrel with her eldest sister on that fatal day, and how Lorinda had declared she'd "fix her."

Seth dropped the wrench he was using and taking Doris' hand in his brawny one, said tenderly:

"Some one's cheated us out of years and years of happiness, little woman, but if you'll say the word now, we'll wheel to Parson Woods and to-morrow I'll buy a tandem."

Doris rose, with a pink flush on her still rounded cheek, looking at her bicycle, the unconscious means of her long deferred happiness, and then in her old lover's dark eyes, said archly:

"You can buy the tandem, Seth."

RED LIGHT AND SIN.

Chicago Psychologist Believes There Is a Connection.

Red light is a cause of sin, according to Dr. Walter Dill Scott, a Chicago psychologist. He claims that it has a peculiar effect upon human beings, constantly subject to it; and he recalls the illustration drawn in a factory in France which was illuminated with red light. The operatives became so demoralized that it was decided to shift to another color, whereupon normal conditions reappeared.

Since as much can be said in favor of red as against it, it would not be well to condemn it too quickly. Various diseases are now treated successfully by red rays, and it is certain that bright colors produce a brightness of sentiment in a patient, while dull colors have the opposite effect.

Red has been held in high favor by many nations. It is the Chinese color of good luck, and the hue the Scandinavians give to the hair and beard of their great god, Thor. It is also a royal color, and last, but not least, adorns the breast of our cherished friend, Cock Robin, who surely cannot be charged with any grave breach of the moral law.

Nobility.

True worth is in being, not seeming. In doing each day that goes by. Some little good—not in the dreaming Of great things to do by and by. For whatever men say in blindness, And spite of the fancies of youth, There's nothing so kingly as kindness, And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our me as our measure. We cannot do wrong and feel right. Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure. For justice avenges each slight. The air for the wing of the swallow. The path for the foot of the wren. But always the path that is narrow And straight for the children of men.

'Tis not in the power of story The heart of its life to beguile. Though he who makes courtship to glory Gives all that he hath for her smile. For when from her lights he has won her, Alas! it is only to prove That nothing so sacred as honor And nothing so loyal as love.

We can not make bargains for blessing. Nor catch them like fish in a net. And sometimes the thing our life misses Helps more than the thing which it gets.

For good is not to be pursuing. Nor gaining of great nor of small. But just in the doing, and doing As we would be done by, is all.

Through anxiety, through malice, through hate, Against the world, early and late, No lot of our courage abating—Our part is to work and to wait. And slight is the sting of his trouble Whose winnings are less than his worth. For he who is honest is noble. Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—Alice Cary.

How He Proposed.

A bashful, middle aged bachelor recently fell a tidy victim to one of Cupid's shafts. The very thought of having to make a personal offer of marriage was sufficient to give him nightmare and to propose by letter he looked on as a rather cowardly shrinking of an obvious duty. At last a happy solution occurred to him. Purchasing a phonograph and a number of cylinders he sent them anonymously to the lady of his choice, who was delighted with such an acceptable present. She excitedly proceeded to try the records and her confusion may be imagined when she heard a voice she knew well declaring undying love for her and begging her to be his wife. What could a poor maiden do under these conditions but answer "yes" to such pleading? And less than two months ago, the story of the strange wooing was told by the bridegroom himself at a wedding reception.

Variation of Moon's Size.

As seen by different persons, the size of the moon varies from that of a cart wheel to a silver dollar. To many it seems about a foot in diameter, from which Prof. Young concludes that to the average man the distance of the surface of the sky is about 110 feet. It is certain that artists usually represent the moon much too large in size in their paintings. Occasionally they represent it in evening scenes with the horns turned downward instead of upward, whereas they must always point away from the sun. The true angular size of the moon is about half a degree, so that it can always be concealed behind a leadpencil held at arm's length.

Many Miners Are Killed.

Almost 300 men were killed in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania during 1921, according to the records kept by the State mining inspectors.

Ireland's Population.

The population of Ireland is 4,432,274, and the decrease for 1921 was 16,002.

WORK FOR THE BLIND.

Massage Seems Proper Occupation for the Afflicted.

I. Matignon urges the adoption of massage by the blind, citing the example of the Japanese, among whom it is practiced almost entirely by persons thus afflicted. Sight is not necessary for effectual work in this line, providing the operator be familiar with the muscular system and know the art of massage thoroughly. Sweden, Switzerland and Belgium are following the examples of Japan in this respect, and the author described a class meeting held in Brussels by Professor G. Daniel for the instruction of about a dozen blind persons. Four theoretical lessons are given at the beginning of the course as to the nature of massage and its application. The fifth lesson is devoted to the study of the skeleton, the sixth and seventh to the muscles which move the various portions of the body. Each pupil palpates the muscles on a human subject. The following lessons concern massage itself, and are continued until the pupils are individually well versed in the art. They are then admitted to practice in the clinic, and perfect themselves in the vocation by means of which they are afterward enabled to earn their living.

EVERYDAY FARE IN INDIA.

Chickens and Rice the Staple Form of Diet.

The woman who goes as a missionary to India must expect to put up with strange fare. Miss Mattie Burrows, a missionary just returned from that country, says: "During the last year of our stay in India we had beef only once, mutton twice and fish about eight times. Chickens are so common we got tired of them. In fact, chickens is about the only kind of meat to be had. The natives are vegetarians and seldom eat meat of any kind. A butcher came to our city once a week and brought goat meat, the only kind to be had. The natives eat either rice or bread made from wheat or a grain peculiar to the country. It is a two meal-a-day country. The rich people live well and have dainties, but the poor live on rice and vegetables. Neither knives nor forks are used."

Use of Earth as Food.

Consumption of earth as food is said to be common not only in China, New Caledonia and New Guinea, but in the Malay archipelago as well. The testimony of many travelers in the Orient is that the yellow races are especially addicted to the practice. In Java and Sumatra the clay used undergoes a preliminary preparation for consumption, being mixed with water, reduced to a paste, and the sand and other hard substances removed. The clay is then formed into small cakes or tablets about as thick as a lead pencil and baked in an iron saucepan. When the tablet emerges from this process it resembles a piece of dried pork. The Japanese frequently eat small figures roughly modeled from clay, which resemble the animals turned out in pastry shops.

Ode on the Shortness of Life.

Mark that swift arrow how it cuts the air,
Now it outruns thy following eye,
If thou canst call it back or stay it there,
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No trace is left behind.
Fools! 'tis thy life, and the fond Archer thou!
Of all the time thou'st strait away
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst thou find
That it hath left behind?
A beautiful cloud and substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years;
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.
But his past life who without grief can end,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to fate, Thou art mine heir,
Thy man extends life's natural brevity.
This is, this is the only way
To outlive Necessity in a day.
—Abraham Crowley (1818-67).

Where Lord Nelson Really Died.

Visitors to the Victory at Portsmouth, England, who have gazed upon a spot in the cockpit and believed it to be the place where Nelson breathed his last, were quite mistaken, according to discoveries just made during the overhauling of the ship. The authentic place where the hero died was close against one of the huge ribs of the ship a little further forward. This place is now to be raised around, and it will be lighted with electric light, for which a store battery is to be placed on board. The old ship is undergoing a thorough refit, which will not be completed for several weeks. —London Star, James' Gazette.

Gentle Japanese Deities.

Japanese deities are as kindly and gentle-hearted as the people themselves. Their story of the creation is quaint. Two gods (whose very lengthy names may be shortened to Izanagi and Izanami), standing upon the bridge of heaven, cast grains of rice abroad to dispel the darkness. They then pushed a spear down into the green plain of the sea and stirred it around. This spear became the axis of the earth, started it revolving and thus brought about the dry land.

Heaviest in Winter.

Some curious experiments have been made at one of the royal philanthropic institutions at Copenhagen. For some years back the seventy boys and girls in the place have been carefully weighed every day in groups of fifteen and under. Thereby it is proved that the children gain weight mostly in autumn and in the early part of December. From that time till the end of April there is scarcely any increase in weight. More remarkable still, there is a diminution till the end of summer.

MUST KEEP FATHER'S PROMISE.

Russian Girl Forced to Marry Man Chosen for Her.

Tatyana Yuzupova, an unusually handsome Kirghiz girl of seventeen, presented herself, a few days ago, before the presiding judge at the District court in Astrakhan with the following prayer:

"As an infant of 5 years she had been betrothed by her father to the ten-year-old son of a neighbor, the father acting according to Kirghiz custom. The young man now claims his bride, and although the latter loves another young tribesman who is held by both parent and bridegroom to her infantile betrothal. The weeping girl prayed the judge to extend to her the right of Russian law to choose her own husband."

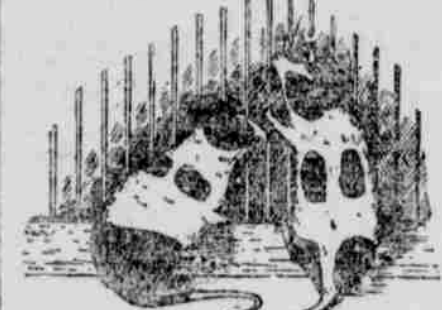
After a careful reference to the code the judge ruled that as the Russian law gave the father freedom of religion and moral rites and customs to the non-orthodox subjects of the empire, the father's power was paramount, and the disconsolate girl's appeal was refused.

WOMEN NOW RAISE MICE.

Seem to Have Overcome Their Constitutional Aversion.

Two exhibitions of fancy mice within the last ten days—once at Cheltenham, the other at Walthamstow—have brought to light the fact that mouse breeding as a hobby and even as a means of making money (for rare specimens are literally worth more than their weight in gold) has taken strong hold of a large number of persons, especially of the female sex, in all parts of the country.

There is at present no available information as to how the ladies have conquered the constitutional aversion to the tiny rodents, but the fact re-



A Pair of Valuable "Black and White Even Marked" Mice.

marks that even in the most fashionable circles ladies are the possessors of valuable mouseries and have succeeded in evolving some beautiful specimens of the house tribe.—English Exchange.

Prince Not Fond of Athletics.

The Siamese prince, who in the early '90s was a member of what was then at any rate the most cosmopolitan college in Oxford, found it very difficult to reconcile his autocratic notions with the practice of undergraduates. Being asked by the captain of the boats to go down and do a little "tubbing," he drew himself up to his full five feet and replied: "When I go on the river at Bangkok I have 80 slaves to row me."

Owl Makes Nest in Stove.

Mrs. Sylvius Little of Whitman, Mass., found her range smoked badly, so she took down the stove pipe and cleaned it, thinking the trouble was there. Next she thought to sweep off the oven top and removed the stove covers to find an owl snugly stowed in the space, blocking the smoke exit. She captured him and had him for a pet. He had come down the chimney and crept into the stove when the fire was out.

New Zealand's Old Age Pensions.

New Zealand pays out \$1,000,000 in old age pensions. A person must be 65 years old, a resident for twenty-five years, a clean record—that is, never has been convicted of crime—and his yearly income must not exceed \$250 and his capital not more than \$1,500, nor must he have derived himself of property in order to qualify himself for a pension. He then receives \$90 per year.

Stone Saved Warship.

The British warship Belleisle struck on the Labrador coast on Sept. 22, 1835, and when she was docked at Portsmouth a month later it was found that the stone her figure had plucked a leak and saved her and her crew. The stone has just been recovered from a little-used storehouse at Portsmouth, and has been placed in a prominent position near Admiralty House.



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World's Cotton Spindles.

The number of cotton spindles in the principal countries of the world is as follows: Great Britain, 47,000,000; Continent of Europe, 34,000,000; United States, north, 15,000,000; United States, south, 7,000,000; East Indies, 5,000,000; Japan, 1,500,000.

FRAUDS IN A DALE OF HAY.

Frauds in Watch Cases.

According to an article in the Cincinnati Commercial, a fifty-one pound stone was recently found in that city secreted in a bale of hay of eighty pounds.

This is not as bad as finding a lump of lead of nearly one-half the weight of the solid gold watch case secreted in the center of the case.

Gold watch cases are sold by weight, and no one can see where this lead is secreted until the springs of the case are taken out and the lead will be found secreted behind them.

These cases are made by companies who profess to be honest but furnish the means to the dishonest to rob the public. It is not pleasant for anyone to find that he has lugged a lump of lead in his watch case.

Another trick the makers of spurious solid gold watch cases is to stamp the case "U. S. Assay." The United States does not stamp any article made out of gold and silver except coin, and the faker, by using this stamp, wants to make the public believe that the government had something to do with the stamping or guaranteeing the fitness of watch cases.

Another trick of the watch faker is to advertise a watch described as a solid gold filled watch with a twenty or twenty-five year guarantee. These watches are generally sent C. O. D. and if the purchaser has paid for the watch he finds that the Company which guaranteed the watch to wear is not in existence.

The Dauber-Hampden Watch Company of Canton, Ohio, who are constantly exposing these frauds, will furnish the names of the manufacturers who are in this questionable business.

Start River Oyster Farm.

Mammoth Springs, Ark., dispatch: Col. H. G. Carey of Springfield, Ill., and R. S. Kirkpatrick of Newport, Ky., are about to establish an "oyster farm" on the shoals of Salt River, just above this town.

The Editor of the Rural New Yorker

Than whom there is no better Potato Expert in the country, says: "Salzer's Earliest Potato is the earliest of 33 earlies sorts, tried by me, yielding 464 bu. per acre." Salzer's Early Wisconsin yielded for the Rural New Yorker 753 bu. per acre. Now Salzer has heavier yielding varieties than above. See Salzer's catalog.

Just send 10c in stamps

and this notice to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and receive lots of farm seed samples and their big catalog, which is brim full of rare things for the gardener and farmer, easily worth \$100.00 to every wide-awake farmer.

It describes Salzer's Teosinte, yielding 160,000 lbs. per acre, of rich green fodder. Salzer's Victoria Rape, yielding 60,000 lbs. of sheep and hog food per acre, together with Salzer's New National Oats, which has a record of 300 bu. per acre in 30 states, so also full description of Alfalfa Clover, Giant Incomat Clover, Alsike, Timothy and thousands of other fodder plants, Grasses, Wheat, Spelts, Barleys, etc. (W. N. U.)

Governor's Relative Dies.

Baraboo, Wis., special. Mrs. Anson Case, mother of Mrs. R. M. LaFollette, is dead. Besides the governor's wife, she is survived by her husband and one son.

FARMERS ORGANIZE.

What promises to become a most powerful factor in the produce markets and from which farmers will reap immense benefit, took life in the organization of the Farmers' Grain and Live Stock Commission Co., at Chicago, Ill. This Company will handle shipments of grain and stock at all the primary markets, will have feeding stations for stock, and will operate elevators, etc. The project has a strong backing from influential farmers and business men and will no doubt receive universal endorsement.

To take the fuel of lust into thy heart is to invite its fires to consume

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages. That is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. It cures Catarrh of the bladder, prostate, and urethra, and is also a sure cure for Gonorrhea. It is sold by Dr. J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Send for list of testimonials. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The star of faith will shine long after the comet of fame has disappeared

DR. COFFEE

Discovers Mild Remedies That Restore Sight to Blind People.

Dr. W. C. Coffey, a noted oculist, 209 Good Street, Des Moines, Iowa, has discovered mild medicines that people can use in their eyes at home and cure Catarrhs, Scum, Granulated Lid, Ulcers on the Eyre, Weak Sore Eyes and any kind of eye trouble.

Dr. Coffey has just printed 50,000 of his famous 30-page book on Eye Diseases and wants to send a copy free to every reader of this paper. This book tells how to cure for yourself and prevent blindness and how his mild treatment cures all diseases at home at small expense. Write Dr. Coffey to-day for his book. Don't wait to go blind.

There's probably nothing on earth that can get so badly stuck on itself as a sheet of postage stamps.

Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE

Won't spill, break, freeze nor spot clothes. Costs 10 cents and equals 20 cents worth of any other bluing. If your grocer does not keep it send 1c for sample to The Laundry Blue Co., 14 Michigan Street, Chicago.

All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.—Emerson.

Stops the Cough and Works Off the Cold

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c. The hotel which advertises home comforts does not always specify the kind of home.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and all other ailments of infants. The shield of faith was not meant to protect the conscience.

Money refunded for each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES if unsatisfactory.

Idleness is the key of beggary and the root of all evil.

IF YOU USE RAIL BLUE, Got Red Cross Ball Blue, the Best Ball Blue. Large 2c. package only 5 cents.

Every man reveals himself when he describes another.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after use. Send for FREE 62c. trial bottle and treatise. Dr. H. W. Kline, Ltd., 281 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

When twins arrive, we imagine that even the doctor laughs.